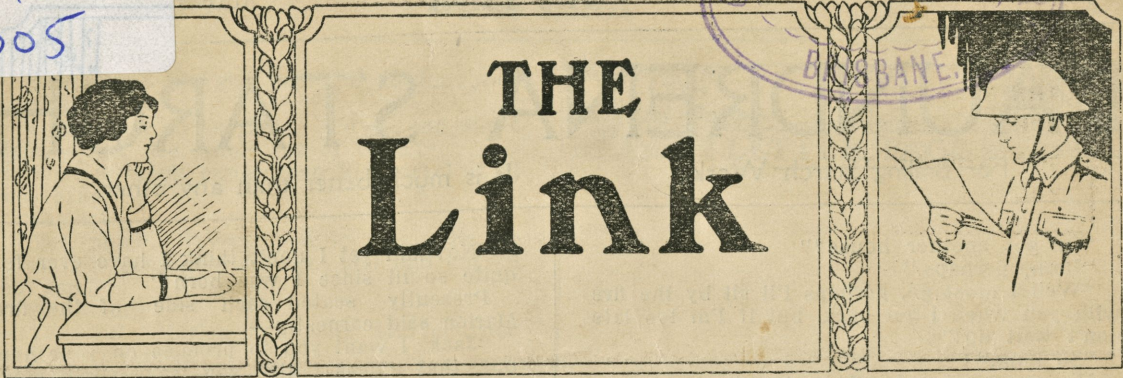


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BRISBANE



A Weekly Circular Letter linking Queenslanders at Home and at the Front. Phone 839 Box 493 Brisbane  
 Subscription. 3/3 half year posted Editor: J. CRAMPTON ANDREWS late of 3rd Bd M. Gun Coy., 16 Fortescue St., Brisbane

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UNDER THE AGE LIMIT.—(See M.S.).



Marjorie (who notices the Lieutenant scowling at her small nephew): "Don't you like children, Lieutenant."  
 Lieutenant: "Yes; I like children; but I hate seeing a kid doing a mans work!"

**LIST A.**

(Written for the "Link" by Oliver North.)

Marion Kelly pulled her chair in front of the fire. The winter day had closed with rain, and in the comfort of the firelight, she snuggled into the cushions, content that her husband was late.  
 Then the telephone rang and feeling before she got there, that it was Maurice, Marion flew to answer it.

"Sorry, dear!" came the well-known voice over the wires, "but there's some beastly business cropped up, and I will be late!"  
 "I'm sorry, too! But I have a ripping fire, and I'll just love a read."  
 "A fire!"  
 "Yes! Rather!"  
 "You Southerner! What would you do if there wasn't a fire place. Like so many Queensland houses."  
 "Sit in the kitchen, of course!"



# LAUNDRENA STARCH

For Boiling Starch Work.

It is much better than any other.

"Or get another house?"

"Both, perhaps."

"Well I must go, perhaps I'll sit by the fire with you when I get back, but if I'm too late don't wait up!"

"So long."

Marion sauntered off to the book shelves and began aimlessly taking down one volume after another. Presently a copy of Marcus Aurelius arrested her attention, but it was the cover and not the contents.

The book was a new one, but the cover had been cut away at the edges and pasted over again.

"That is strange!" she said to herself. "That is quite a new book, it only came a few days ago."

She took the book back to her chair and separated the linen from the cardboard. It came away readily, being still not thoroughly dry, then disclosed two pieces of cardboard. Not knowing why she did so, Marion got her penknife and separated the two.

A folded paper fitting in a hollow fell into her lap.

One page was covered with close fine writing in German, the smaller one in English which read—

"Comrade,—You will carefully mark the instructions enclosed, when learned forward to H.3 as before. Every effort must be made to win X. Payment will be made next month, funds having arrived, but I need not remind you that only by success can this continue. The difficulties of communication the last few months, have made it difficult to send supplies desired by our Comrades, who are also avenging the wrongs of your Motherland. Information as to exact movements must be sent as soon as possible."—R.O.

There was a straight furrow between Marion's brows, and a tense look in the grey eyes that had not been there before.

She read earnestly through the close writing, but presently rose impatiently, and took down a German dictionary, then she read through once more, when she had finished she lay back in her chair, the papers in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the fire, but seeing nothing of the flames and glowing coals.

Minute after minute she sat there, then went to the telephone and in a trembling voice gave a number. Presently she asked—

"Is that you, Jack?" "Well, can you come. I know it's beastly—No, I am not ill—Yes, I am—Well, I'm in trouble—No, it's nothing about Ronnie—At least partly—I CAN'T tell you—Will you—thanks dear—Yes, at once."

It seemed hours before the door bell rang, and she herself ran to open the door to her tall grave cousin who came in with rain dripping from his mackintosh.

"You don't look very ill, Marion!" he smiled.

"No! and yet I don't think I have ever felt quite so ill since I was born!"

Presently seated each side of the fire, Marion said earnestly—

"Jack, I want you to promise on your honour, that unless I give you leave you'll never tell one word of what I must tell you!"

"Unless it's wrong, kiddie. No. I don't mean that. You wouldn't ask it—only you know you and I have not always agreed as to right and wrong."

"Perhaps we do now?"

"Jack Ferrar looked keenly at his cousin, her evident excitement puzzled him."

"Well, I can only trust you Jack, that you'll——. She paused, then handing him the two papers continued, "Read these first and see if I am wrong!"

Jack Ferrar was a good German scholar and the documents were quickly read.

"Where did these come from?" There was a quizzical gleam in her cousin's eyes that Marion could not understand.

And then she told the story of the book.

"You realize what this means, that Kelly

"That the man I have married is a traitor!" she broke in hotly.

Again a silence fell that was broken only by the crackling of the fire.

"Do you care very much, Marion?" he asked quietly. "I mean do you care more for Kelly than for your country?"

"Oh, no, no! I hate him. If you can hate a man in an hour who has been all your world!"

"Or whom you thought to be a whole planetary system?" Jack was half smiling.

"I know lately, that although I had believed all he told me, ever since we had news that Ronnie was taken prisoner, I have been waiting and hoping every day that Maurice would tell me he was going to enlist."

"What do you intend to do about this. Don't you think we had better put it back?"

"But you will tell the authorities, you will show them."

Jack shook his head.

"This is only a link in the chain, to be any help to our country we must try and find out more."

"You don't seem surprised, Jack. You didn't guess anything like this did you?"

Ferrar was busy copying the papers into his pocket book. He didn't look up as he replied—

"I didn't know before, but, of course, lots of us know that hundreds of thousands of German pounds were being spent on Propaganda and spy work in Australia."

"Did you guess that Maurice?"

"I knew he was in with that crowd that is doing the Kaiser's dirty work."

"Oh, Jack, what shall I do. Where shall I go? Will you take me to Aunt Grace's?"

Write your letter on blank page.



"How much are you game to do for your country."

"I think I'd do anything. I'd go and shoot Maurice and the whole lot of them?"

"That is much easier than the part I want you to do."

"Easier?"

"Yes, much. I want you to stay here, go on as if nothing was different and find out all you can."

"Oh, Maurice!"

"Yes, but Marion, it's your bit for your country, remember."

Marion was silent for a time.

"It seems like sinking to their level," she said slowly. Her hands were clasped over her knee and her eyes fixed on the glowing coals were seeing nothing of them.

"No! Kiddie, catching a thief is not as bad as stealing!"

Again a silence. Then suddenly she broke out, "Jack, you have been there! Is it true that our soldiers were as bad as the Germans!"

"Nothing," he said, with slow emphasis, could be more untrue. I do not mean all our men are saints, or that none of them broke rules, but this I do know, that the frightfulness that was taught and encouraged by the Huns was punished severely if found by those in command of our men.

"And Jack—it was the only thing to do. It is for right."

"It was—the only thing England could do without the blackest dishonour."

"You know how I have listened and believed, I DID believe, that I did rightly when I voted No. I DID believe Conscription wrong. But not—Oh, I really don't know how I feel to think that I have been duped and tricked!"

"Perhaps you will feel differently later on." He paused as if waiting for a verdict, and for awhile nothing was said.

"No Jack, I know now. I understand how Ronnie felt, Empire must come first, the flag that has been our safety must have—our lives if necessary, and what are my feelings or my affections. No, not that! I think my affection died in this last hour—"

"Poor little cousin!" The one whole hand thin and bony closed over the girl's slender white fingers.

"These are dreadful days, but we must do our part in them."

"Yes," she said simply, "and what is my part?"

"Stay here, let no one guess you know anything and find List A, mentioned here."

"But, can I?" she said anxiously.

"I think you can," he answered quietly. "I think you will, and now we must replace these papers in the book cover."

A few days later Marion Kelly, but a changed serious Marion sat opposite her husband at breakfast.

"I can't understand you lately," he said testily, "And I can tell you I have enough to worry me without you sulking."

"What is your worry, Maurice?" The query was earnest and anxious and the man mistook it for affection.

"These brutes have interned Muntz, and





there isn't a scrap of truth in the charges; he's as loyal as I am."

A smile played around her mouth for an instant, and she answered lightly—

"Then in that case he'll be alright."

"How can he be alright when I tell you they've interned him. Oh, what's the good of talking, you women are all alike—you don't realize what's going on."

"Perhaps it's just as well."

"Oh, yes. Perhaps. If you haven't anything particular to do to-day, you might come out to a darned fete I have to open, it would please the mob."

"I'm sorry, Maurice, but I have particular work to-day."

He went out saying impatiently, "Oh, of COURSE, you have!"

As she watched from the window, as he flung into the car and rolled away, she said softly—

"Muntz is the first. Now for List A, I must find that, I MUST, it is my bit."

Dear Chaps,—Ballons on sticks, carried by infants from one to sixty years of age, small walking sticks with patriotic bows on them, big paper bags with strings to carry them by, glass beads, and shell brooches have been in fashion all this week. I don't like the war-time saving balloon. The old rich round purple or red or white, are almost extinct, these are any old shape, and have sickly yellow and cheap red paint that affects you unpleasantly. I am sure it is a fashion that will not last long. White muslins and bright silks have accompanied the balloon owners, and in spite of statistics, I can't believe, after this week, that there is any decline in the birth rate. Claud Herbert has had a good time with his cousin from the country, although it is only fair to say, that Claud Hayseed is not very numerous. Claud Herbert, of the town, is about four to one. Claud Hayseed has put in a lot of time at the tailors, getting Claud Herbert's new collar and buttons, copied. It is a bonze collar, and comes nearly down to his waist, he has not yet had lace on the edges, but that will probably come next. Where the collar ends it is fashionable to sew on a many buttons as the material will carry. I saw a lining the other day that made me feel quite sure the Claud Herbert inside it must be dying for some excuse to turn it inside out; it was purple and green, and brown and crimson in alternate stripes. The O.C. of the coat was lolling back in a chair at a restaurant, which is patronised almost entirely by cold-footed males, he had his hands in his trousers' pockets, and thus managed to show the lining to amazed passers-by.

In America they have introduced a very good rule, and fine "Lounge Lizards" £20 and up. In the lands of the Stars and Stripes everyone has to be up and doing, if they are of military age. If they won't do anything else they have to do time. This would be a good way to raise our new forty million loan. It would serve a double purpose; it would clear out the "lizards" and help along the war.

I'm very worried about these new sports coats that haven't any sleeves. It looks as if





dress material was likely to run out altogether presently.

I have seen dozens of them, all made of different bits of stuff—and none of them big enough to make pockets or collars or sleeves; the former were made of different scraps, and the latter were done away with altogether, and these were up to forty-five shillings. It looks as if the oatmeal and sugar bag costume will yet become fashionable. The price-fixing board doesn't seem to touch clothes, worse luck, and every day it seems as if things in Australia are going up, except aeroplanes, and they ought to be.

Yours, dinkum,

THE FASHION EXPERT.

### SPORTS COLUMN.

The Q.T.C. Exhibition meeting closed on Saturday:—

Third Trial Handicap.—Nairu, 1; Lord Belgium, 2; Gloucester Castle, 3. Flying Handicap.—Betrayer, 1; Lieut. Linacre, 2; Cane King, 3. Exhibition Handicap.—Rosewood Lad, 1; Limited, 2; Scotch Birdie, 3. Third Novice Handicap.—Golden Sunset, 1; All In, 2; Wallace Knight, 3. Second Welter Handicap.—Polycraft, 1; Marian Delaval, 2; Banana King, 3. Denman Plate.—Amberdown, 1; Molly's Robe, 2; Pah King, 3. Nundah Handicap.—Had-i-Wist, 1; Roseacre, 2; Rose-et-Noir, 3.

Warwick Farm (N.S.W.) races were held on Saturday:—

Hurdle Race.—Curried Rice, 1; Fighting Chance, 2; De Lys'a, 3. Liverpool Mile.—Rualma, 1; Thana, 2; Two Blues, 3. Three-year-old Handicap.—Waterproof, 1; Pontoon, 2; Maltoff, 3. Pace Welter (First Division).—Poitrina, 1; Goonhilly, 2; Tarpeih, 3. Second Division.—Merv's Pride, 1; Bratiano, 2; Robkin, 3. Warwick Handicap.—Mount Alf, 1; Kennaquhair, 2; Cruzot, 3. Farm Stakes.—Linfairn, 1; Braille, 2; Black Earl, 3.

V.R.C. Club's races were held on Saturday:—August Hurdle Race.—Bilga, 1; Coronatus, 2; Katwyk, 3. Apprentices' Handicap.—Ethiopian, 1; First Oaks, 2; Perdo, 3. August Steeplechase.—Cobram, 1; M'Alphin, 2; Wortupa, 3. August Handicap.—Bardol, 1; Calais, 2; Parkdale, 3. Three-year-old Handicap.—Private King, 1; Kilbarron, 2; Tragic Star, 3. Welter Mile.—Carriole, 1; Capelleti, 2; Dueler, 3.

The Adelaide Racing Club's Grand National meeting was opened on Saturday, Pistolier won the Grand National Hurdles, Miss Rosslyn 2. and Fombera 3.

Sunday School Teacher (to class): "Satin is always watching u, and always seeking to get us, like a"—pausing for someone to supply the word—

"Recruiting Sergeant, Miss," said a small boy.

Old Sailor: "And after floating about on the spar for three whole days, I was finally washed ashore, sir."

Visitor (unimpressed): "Ah, and it wouldn't hurt you to be washed ashore again, either."

If all the people followed Car (Carmichael), what flower would be represented.—Carnation.

### OUR MELBOUPNE LETTER.

Dear Editor,—

A friend of mine in Scotland, a soldier from Victoria, wants to know why "The Link" (which I send regularly) has no Melbourne letter in its columns. Well, I have always understood that it takes imagination and impudence to make a newspaper correspondent, yet, while denying the possession of either qualification, if you don't mind the dressing-up of some very bare bones of Sandringham gossip I may be equal to sending an occasional letter. Sandringham, you know, is a very aristocratic sea suburb of Melbourne, and, per-adventure, there may be a young soldier from Sandringham at the front into whose hands this "Link" will fall, and who will rejoice to read the mere mention of his home.

"Dressing-up" suggests an idea; it reminds me of a queer evening we spent lately at a house in Honour Avenue (where, by the way, those individual trees of Western Australian gums, planted in the honour of Sandringham boys, are flourishing nobly, each with its hero's name attached). The invitation cards said, "Old Costumes, with a Collection," which tells you nothing, and does not suggest excitement, especially as all the guests were women, most of them well past the flapper stage, and some in early grandmotherhood. It didn't appeal to me. I was inclined to class it with the frivolities that ought to be suppressed in war-time, along with bridge and horse-racing. Mother held different views, however; talked about a source of innocent merriment, etc., and, as it turned out, she was quite right, although I am positive all she was looking forward to was the joy of rummaging in old boxes and satisfying her housewifely suspicions on the moth and silver-fish question.

Let me tell you the plan for our entertainment—the obsolete word "swarry" would be more fitting perhaps. Well, then, every guest was required to attire herself in the oldest dated and weirdest rig-out she could lay her hands on, putting a subtle disguise into the process. Prizes were to be given for the highest number of guesses of identities and periods. We were furthermore instructed to bring our knitting, and a silver coin (for a particular war fund).

I don't deny that mother's hoard produced some beautiful old togs; an antiquated riding habit of the late seventies took my fancy immensely, but when it came to squeezing a twentieth century figure into a n'eteen-inch waist, well, it couldn't be done, and I was compelled to seek a more ample outfit among the crinoline and dolman vogues.

(Should one apologise for introducing so intimate a subject to our innocent young soldiers? It isn't nearly so intimate as some of your naughty Fashion Notes!)

The sight of those weird guests assembled in a cleverly contrived, early Victorian drawing room. I shall never forget; no pen of mine can describe it. You remember the scene in "The Man From Blankley's" when the handsome young man visitor is ushered into a room full of freaks? Something like that, but far, far better—or worse. Anthony Trollop's heroines with net-confined hair; Mrs. Henry Wood's crinolined damsels, even some of Jane



# Mazaca Corn Flour

TREBLE REFINED.

NOTHING BETTER.

Austen's characters, adorned the scene. And the smugness of them all! I quite forgot what a figure of fun I must have presented to the other figures of fun, as I held on to the nearest chair to support my laughter-racked frame. One priceless old thing, in a crumpled dust coat (that might have seen the Melbourne Cup run in 1866), and a magenta togue, looked like Mrs. Noah, but her air of aloofness was such that I dared not investigate her identity too closely. A prim, genteel, little person clad in an "old gold" polonaise and sporting a purple "mount" on her princess bonnet, turned out to be my own sister. Two frumps, one in a "pelisse" of 1800 or thereabouts, the other wearing a Paisley shawl "with an air," looked exactly like illustrations from Dickens.

While we were trying to comport ourselves sufficiently for the knitting and the guessing, the door opened and a most handsome young soldier entered. . . . You could have cut the silence with the proverbial knife. Indignation and consternation sat upon every face, and although we all assured one another carefully afterwards that these expressions were the result of breaking the rule that no man should be admitted, don't you believe it! The truth is we were mad at being caught looking such frights. Of course, you will guess that our young man turned out to be a girl, and of course, you will decide as we did, that her offence in appearing in such an up-to-date costume as khaki must be forgiven for the success she made of it. It appears that she had borrowed her brother's uniform, "unbeknownst," which I believe is against the law, but many a shirking eligible might have been shamed into enlisting by the sight of Jean D—— standing five feet nine in her stockings—I mean socks—in the becoming uniform of an Australian soldier.

We made exactly three pounds for our war fund, which isn't too bad for a party of freaks.

My brother, lately returned invalided, frightfully bucked up with his red gum tree in Honor Avenue, told us that while he was in a Birmingham hospital, he had a frequent and pleasant visitor who was much interested in talking over Victorian news, particularly of Melbourne, and when Jim (my brother) mentioned that he came from Sandringham the visitor became quite noticeably excited. He said he knew Sandringham well, had often played golf on the links, and as Jim added, as further information, that our former home had stood on the golf grounds, the gentleman suggested quizzically, "Were you one of the small boys who used to 'pinch' our lost balls and sell them to us afterwards?" I don't know how, or whether, Jim cleared himself of this suspicion, but when, a day or so after, his kind friend took a last leave of him, Jim asked if he might know his name. "Sydenham," he was told. "Mr. Sydenham?" "No; Lord Sydenham."

This accounts for the interest taken in Mel-

bourne, and the golf links of Sandringham, for was he not once Governor of Victoria?

Yours, in anticipation,

ALISON.

## SYDNEY LETTER.

Dear Boys,—

A.I.F. Day dawned clear and bright on a scene of the greatest animation. There was a prevailing spirit of cheerfulness, partly due to recent good war news, and partly that everyone felt that the day demanded it. Money poured in right and left. There were 40 more stalls than on any previous money-making day. Martin Place looked more like a village festival than anything else. I found myself installed behind a row of socks, pipe-racks, baskets of sweets, and gaily coloured fancy articles just outside Somerset House. Business was brisk from start to finish after the Governor had opened the ball with a splendid speech at the recruiting stand outside the Post Office. Our stock of goods was rapidly diminishing when a war-worn hero came along and looking sheepishly at the remaining things, said, cautiously, "Could yer suggest somethin' for a lady, miss?—somethin' about two shillins." I looked round in dismay, certainly there was not a very promising choice. A pair of woolly booties dangled impudently in the wind offering a great contrast to a dignified budoir cap nearby. It was a very beautiful bit of wor, but suitable only for a haughty beauty. He caught sight of the booties, and flushed, "Not them," he remarked, giving a little laugh, "but wat about this 'ere cap?"

Now, this cap was marked 7/6, so I sighed as I took it down. He fingered it lovingly. "Suit 'er all to pieces," he said, picturing it on his sweetheart's pretty head. He eyed the pink and mauve trifle most minutely. "Tell yer wot," he added finally, "I'll give an extra bob—three bob all told—can't offer any more."

I ask you who could say him nay! The bargain was clinched, and our hero of Mons went off supremely happy. So the funny little booties hung there alone in their glory for awhile, until a much married man bought them for the latest addition to his family. A gorgeous cluster of balloons caused some diversion by loosening from their tether and sailing over the hills and far away until quite out of sight. I don't think there have ever been such crowds of people on Sydney's streets before. At some places it was utterly impossible to get through. So far £23,000 has been realised, and money still keeps coming in. We are going to erect a very beautiful memorial for our boys. It will tower very proudly in the name of its sacred dead, as well as for the use and enjoyment of those who return to us again, and yet with a swift pang we know that were each brick studded with the rarest jewels they could not be a worthy token of what we owe to those who



have laid down their lives because the Germans were knocking upon the gates of the world's freedom, and the line had to be held at all costs." And what of the monster who has caused the world to weep? A certain Mr. Dooley suggests, in a recent issue of a daily paper, that the Kaiser should be carted round Australia in an iron cage, with the charge of 2d. a look. A rather choleric man, on reading this, snorted loudly, "2d be damned; I'd give £5 to throw a peanut at him!" which I think admirably portrays the universal contempt, which we have for the Hohenrollern.

After this war there will hang from the inner walls of the Mitchell library a huge flag with the names of thousands of our beloved dead, inscribed thereon. It will be placed where posterity will view it wondering and reverent. Yet never never able to grasp in the smallest possible degree what we, who have lived in these times, have suffered. On some of us are deep-rooted scars which can never be erased, no matter what length our life may be. But this is only a passing sad thought—outside the bay is dazzling under a smiling sky, bright with sunshine. Near the water's edge a kingfisher, brilliant blue in color, looks gravely at his reflection, in the sea pond from a suspended rope, or is he listening intently to the thrush that somewhere on a high treetop is bursting with joyful singing? Who can say? I only know the day is perfect, (and our hearts are full of confidence and hope.

Ever yours,

SYDNEY.

A dear old friend of you boys O.A.S. and of "The Link" sends me the following:—"I picked up a copy of "The Sydney Mail" for August 7th, and was very much struck at seeing on one page the portraits of twenty-five soldiers coming from three families, and I wrote these few lines, hoping you might find room for them in "The Link." At the same time I would be glad to know from any correspondents, if they are any other three families who can beat "The Tulloch's, Sommerville's, and Smith's."

"Fourteen of them! some from far Queensland, Those Tullochs, who answered the call,  
Some from the Old Land and New South Wales,  
And fine fighting men are they all.  
The Smiths from Candelo and Campsie,  
From Rockdale and Nimmitabel.  
And Sommerville's four who enlisted,  
The father who joined them, as well.  
We turn from this page of fine fighters,  
And know that Old England must win,  
In spite of the cold-footed blighters,  
Who won't join such men and "hop in."

You Sommervilles, Smiths, and you Tullochs,  
By forebears who did as you do,  
Was Britain built up to give shelter,  
To those who're protected by you,  
You cold-footed, backboneless wasters,  
Give thanks that families like these,  
Face murder and death and destruction,  
That you may live home at your ease,  
And women whose menfolk are shirkers,  
Give thanks that these men will face Hell,  
To do what your own cowards won't do,  
And save you from fates we daren't tell.

—"OLD DADDY."

**WHEN BILLJIM COMES HOME**, there are some things he refuses to eat—  
Tell me Billjim when you grumble,  
Do you ever think of these,  
Eating parsley seeds and dog fat,  
While you pick out what you please.  
When you vow you loathe all curry,  
Jam turns all your feelings green,  
Stew and biscuits give you shivers,  
Salt meat is a thing unclean.

Billjim home again in Aussie!  
When you "hate" the harmless bean,  
Would you change it for prime dog oil—  
Or some nice fried kerosene.  
Billjim, well we know you roughed it,  
Bully beef "worse cooked than raw,"  
That Army biscuit is a tough one,  
But what of fresh bread made of straw?  
We would like to feed Claud Herbert,  
From the larder of his friend,  
On ground grape pips, chalk, and powder,  
And crushed maize stalks without end.

**IF YOU FEEL INCLINED TO GRUMBLE AT YOUR MENU** read what Professor Juckernack, of the Berlin University, has to say about the daily bread, for which he isn't thankful:—

"It is useless any longer to hide the truth, unless the Government actively intervenes to put some control over the flood of substitute foods the end of the war will also see the end of a third of Germany's population. The latest products of the substitute mongers are really too terrible to be tolerated. A preparation of crude kerosene is now being largely sold as frying oil, and eight hundred cases of serious illness, together with nine deaths, have been traced to its use in Berlin alone. A preparation called "goose drippings" is prepared from dog fat, egg substitutes from a mixture of chalk and baking powder, caviar from fish scales, and bread from straw, this is from the "Vossische Zeitung," and even as far back as 1917 an imposing list of new foodstuffs for the Little Mary of the Germhum is given in the "International Review of the Science and Practice of Agriculture." "The materials described include rhubarb leaves, seaweed, straw meal, split chaff meal, concentrated straw fodder, crushed and ground maize ears, heather stalks, khol-rabbi by-products, ground sugar-beet seeds, parsley seed, wild radish husks, bran, a mixture of brewers' grain and yeast, wine yeast, ground grape pips, beech-nut cake, walnut cake, fish meal, and various mixed foods." What must it be by now—they may be eating the local Hansard or Church News, or even reduced to health foods. This diet, and the famous victories are the main supports of the gentle Hun at present.

Egypt, June 10, 1918.

(Editor "The Link.")

Sir,—I have just received a copy of your very interesting paper, the finest that I have seen, and I must congratulate you on "The Link." I have read it through, and although it is small in matter, it is forcible, and I hope in time that "The Link" will be as large as one of our daily papers.

I have just been looking at some of the pictures in a "Sydney Mail," taken at the Royal Sydney Show, and beneath one is the





**THE GREAT OFFENSIVE HAS BEGUN. ALL MEN WHO CAN FIGHT ARE NEEDED TO UPHOLD AUSTRALIA'S HONOUR. THINK IT OVER. ENLIST! MEN WHO ARE "OVER THERE" WRITE AND URGE ANY YOU KNOW HERE TO JOIN YOU.**

wording: "The attendance at the show on Good Friday. . . was 109,000. A recruiting appeal on the ground, in which many returned soldiers took part, resulted in one man volunteering." You having been a soldier, will realise what my feelings are like after reading the above. Just fancy out of 109,000 people, one man volunteering. He was a hero—and no mistake. How the young blood of Australia can act the slacker, while there is so much at stake, beats me. I am ashamed of the stay-at-home Australian. Little does he care who is top-dog, as long as he is left in peace, with all the comforts that civil life can furnish. I suppose many of the slackers stick out their chest and say, "The Australian is the best fighter in the field; and the Australians are winning the war." No doubt about it, the Australians who are in the field have proved themselves amongst the best fighters in the world; but the slacker will take damn good care that his hide is not endangered. No; his front line is the tram line—in the town.

The war has lasted a long time, the end is not in sight, and I believe it will last a good while longer. So there is still a chance for the slacker to redeem his lost manhood by enlisting.

Australia was good enough for me to live in—to work in—and to make money in—and when war broke out I thought Australia good enough to fight for, so with many of my country men I enlisted and came away in the 1st Division, leaving Queensland on the 24th September, 1914, and I'm a Scotchman, born and bred in the Old Country. There are not many of the 1st Division left to-day. Many of them have paid the supreme price, and have given their all.

The question is, those of the first, who are left; will we last out to return; God grant us the health and strength to carry on till the end, and that end must be, victory for the Allies, or a few more little crosses on the desert sands. Need I say more.

Again, good luck and success to "The Link," your paper will be the means of binding together the real Queenslanders in the field, and their supporters at home in Australia.

In conclusion, I join your correspondent C.R., in his message to the heroes at home.

I am, yours very sincerely,

C.L.

Egypt.

P.S.—Should any of your readers care to drop a few lines, through you, they will be welcome.

#### SOLDIERS' INDUSTRIAL CLUB.

Our stall at the Exhibition was a great success, thanks to our many helpers. We will be able to get some of the machinery that is so badly needed. All hands now are very busy getting the orders that were taken, executed.

Yesterday was the busiest day the young Phoenix has had since it made its first effort to spring from the ash heap made by the Wryun Government.

#### MR. HARDACRE BELIEVES IN NEW BLOOD.

—Whist now, 'Arry, suppose your own constituents heard you and took your advice, you really wouldn't be the howling success at anything else. Of course, you might have a special billet made for you, timekeeper at the House of Reps., or window dresser at the Fisheries, or M'Minn might be Premier or Ambassador to the Bolsheviks by that time, and you might chase the little paper that bloweth, or the little smell that stinketh. It was a nasty thing to do. If you go on being so unpleasant, some day an infuriated and injured populace will rise and make you take a course of your own education, or some other drastic dark deed.

**MEN INTERESTED IN HORSES** are concerned at the judging, that gives the blue ribbon to horses not eligible for the E.S.B., against those of ancient and honorable lineage. At the recent Lockyer show the prize for thoroughbred horse, best adapted for siring remounts, was won by Hippon, but in the blood section he was beaten by a horse not eligible for the E.S.B. Of course, the authorities who allowed him in the ring were more to blame than the judge, who takes it for granted that the horses before him fulfill all the conditions of entry.

"I GAVE A CHEEP WITH THE REST, when they called for three cheers for the boys at the front," said Farmer Bland, as we drank a cup of tea and enjoyed excellent cakes and sandwiches at the 47th Battalion Comforts' Fund Tent. "Yes, of course you would!" I agreed.

"Yes, I did all right, an' one for His Excellency, I didn't mind that; an' then they called for one for ———, and I stuck at that, an' so did everyone else; there wasn't a sound, an' then the Chairman asks again, an' draws another blank. An' ——— stands there, and just grins, an' never crawls away or does a thing to hisself; he's tough, he is."

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